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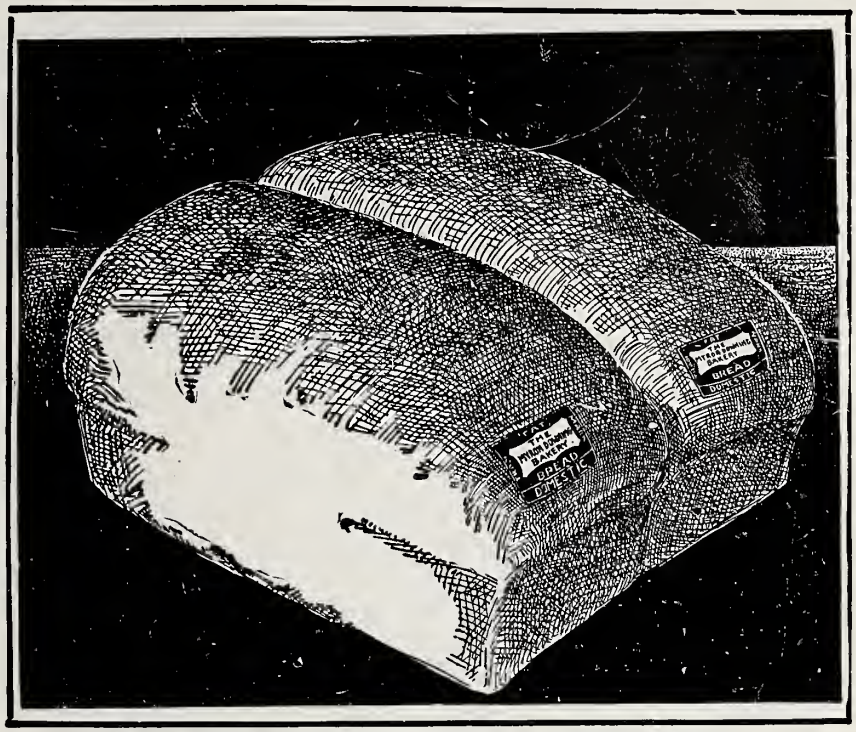

MYRON DOWNING BAKERY

The young man in the verdant spring,
Is madly bent on marrying,
But once confined by wedded yoke,
He'll not be bent, but badly broke.

"Money is not at the bottom of everything," sadly remarked the college man as he plunged his hands deep down into his pockets.

All the "Stick" Without the Pinch

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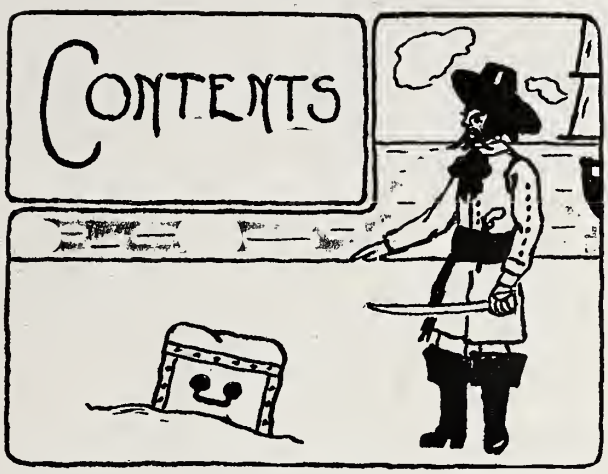
SPECIAL PRICES TO STUDENTS

VOL. VIII JUNE, 1911 NUMBER EIGHT



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For Ready Made Clothing when you can get a Suit Made to order by the best Tailors in the Country.

GOLDEN, THE HATTER.

Him—"I know you think it is time for me to go."

Her—"Oh, how interesting! How did you get so successful in thought transference."

"By George, that's lucky," said the philosophical wayfarer, as the bottle of champagne fell out of the passing balloon and hit him on the head. "It didn't break."

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The best place in the city to get your cut Flowers and Plants.

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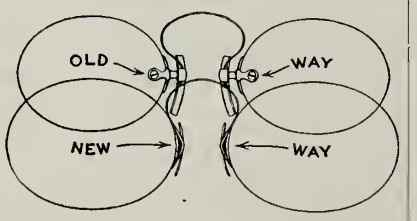

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Is the name we have given it.

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Over the glasses used to-day is obvious

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Class Organization

Alfred Kettler, President — Marguerite Bicknell, Vice-President

Donald Jones, Secretary and Treasurer

Garnette Lenhart, Poetess — Margery Pickard, Historian

Motto: He conquors who overcomes himself.

Colors: Green and White.

Class Yell.

Humpty, Dumpty, Whoopty Heaven
What's the matter with nineteen 'leven
Ricketty, Ricketty, Ricketty Right,
Nineteen 'leven is out of sight

School Yell,

Zicketty Boom, Hoorah, Hoorah! Zicketty Boom, Hoorah, Hoorah!
Hoorah! Hoorah! Fort Wayne High School, Rah! Rah! Rah!
With a wee wo, and a wei wo, and a wee wo, wei wo, wum.
Go get a rat trap bigger than a rat trap,
Go get a rat trap bigger than a rat trap,
Cannibal, Cannibal, Sis boom bah,
Fort Wayne High School, Rah! Rah! Rah!
Gloriana, Frapiana, Indiana,
F-o-r-t W-a-y-n-e Fort Wayne!!

Commencement in Elysium

It was an exquisite afternoon in June. Through the open window near which I sat, a breeze, odorferous with rare perfumes, wafted from fairy regions, entered, and with a touch as of fairy fingers, lightly caressed my hair. No wonder, then, that my eyes were gazing far, far away into the horizon; no wonder that the western sky appeared to me a glorious tapestry on which were emblazoned, (the fabled heroes of old; no wonder that under my gaze) that tapestry became a scene of life and action, and that the luminous gold of hair, the kindling azure of eyes, and the rosy hues of cheeks gradually became visible to me. Suddenly, a shaft of light seemed to strike my room, containing some mystic message, for I was obsessed with a great longing to be there whence the light had proceeded. I stretched out my hands in an appeal and, lo! I straightway found myself in a verdant glade—a vale in elysium.

In bewilderment, I stood still, not knowing where to turn, when suddenly I beheld approaching me, an old man, who muttered as he walked, and whose face heralded a coming storm. As he came nearer, I gave a gasp of sheer surprise, for the stranger was none other than the famous Socrates. At the same time, Socrates, noticing me, remarked gruffly, "Surprised, too, aren't you, to find me strolling about thus when the graduation exercises are in full swing, and curious to know, I'll wager, why I am here?"

He paused for a reply and, afraid to contradict him while in such a surly mood, I timidly nodded assent.

"The reason is," he snapped, "the reason is that Diogenes with his ridiculous table-cloth, has been given the valedictory while I, even Socrates, have been slighted, ignored. Did Diogenes ever say, I ask of you, that knowledge is the only true road to virtue, did he? No, indeed, it was I. Why then should he—but come," he cried, all of a sudden grasping hold of my arm, "come and give ear to that fool orator when once you shall have heard him and noted his reckless massacre of words, ah, then you will truly sympathize with me."

By pursuing a round about course, we at length arrived at what appeared to be the campus. We took refuge beneath a wide-spreading tree, laden with the apples of Hesperides, from which station we could observe all that was taking place without ourselves being

seen. Although to some degree prepared to witness a unique spectaele, the sight that met my eyes was strange beyond all expectation. Diogenes, immaculately attired in his eharaeteristie garb, and standing on an inverted tub—for he disdained to use the customary platform—was rendering a heated discourse.

"A tub," he was saying, at the same time waving a fringe of his table-eloth by way of emphasis, "a tub is a thing of use and a joy forever. By filling it with elear and sparkling water from a neighboring fountain, it is converted into an ideal bath. If one's wearing apparel is in need of a washing—you needn't laugh, gentlemen, I am not without clothing, as you may see by this (again displaying an edge of the table-cloth), the tub again ean be utilized. It may serve as a writing-table for the profound seholar, on which he can write gems of philosophy, poetry, and sums, without being rebuked by mother and sister for devastating the house. Again, if rest beeomes necessary, even a king, though he search all over the world cannot find a more serviceable chair, or a more royal eouch. It also possesses the admirable properties of a shade tree, for when all else are sweltering in the hot sun, the shadow east by the tub affords the oeeupant a welcome shade. Then, too, the advantages of a portable dwelling cannot be overestimated. If one is disgusted with the conditions of eity life, it is thus quite possible for him to retire, house and all, to some seeluded desert. Moreover, a tub, when used in lieu of a platform, proves both a solaee and an inspiration. In faet, the eapaeities of a tub are without limit. It may serve for whatever purpose oecasion demands. However, for fear that people may accuse me of speaking about myself, to the exelusion of all else, in this my valedietory, I will pay this tribute to my Alma Mater; that in its unsurpassable homeliness, it is a close seeond to my most beloved tub."

For a moment, the audienee stood as if petrified, amazed at sueh unheard of audaeity. At length, "The idea," remarked Pericles of the few words and the long head, to his neighbor, "the idea of anyone daring to disparage our college. Likening it to a tub, indeed! It eouldn't have happened in my age."

"No, indeed," ehimed in Elizabeth of the garrulous tongue and the stiff ruff "nor in mine, either. Tell you what"—this confidentially, and with a mischievous light in her eyes—"Tell you what, I'd just love to pull his beard for him. I did so onee before, you know—a minister—sueh fun!" Here she subsided, a reminiscent look in her eyes.

All other eyes were now turned to "Prexy" Croesus. The latter, red in the faee and unspeakable with rage, had rushed forth from the eampus to the adjoining wireless telegraphy station, and was in the aet of dispateling, post haste, a wireless to Hades.

"What"—and then I stopped in the middle of my question, for my eompanion Socrates, had disappeared. I soon caught sight of him, however, in

the midst of an excited group, the spokesman of which, I afterwards found out, was Horatius Cocles.

Horatius was pleading earnestly with him. "We would have chosen you, friend Socrates," he was saying, "for you are a wise old codger, but—no offence intended old man, for I realize you can't help it—but you do look so simple. However, we now make amends by offering you the second choice of valedictorian. Do you accept it?"

Receiving the philosopher's curt nod, Horatius retired, well pleased with what he considered his extreme tact, and so he failed to notice the ominous look on Socrates' face. The others, too, failed to notice this, for their attention was bestowed on a newly created excitement. In answer to Prey's telegraph, a strange-looking craft had appeared, and landed on the air dock at the farther end of the campus. From awe-stricken whispers, I gathered that this was the Shadeoplane, the property of the Hades Emergency Club, and that it was manned by two terrible captains, Nero and Attila, the Hun. The two wasted no time, but straightway advanced to where Diogenes stood, defiant and defending his position. One grasped his head and the other took hold of his feet, and thus they carried him table-cloth ends flying, and despite his shrieks that he be not parted from his tub, they dragged him into the ship, lowered the ballast, and down they shot into space.

Attention was now again focused on Socrates. The philosopher, outwardly appeased but inwardly raging, announced that his valedictory was to be on the value of education, "Education," he began, "education, the wise man's treasure, is of far greater worth than a miser's hoard and is rejected only by the thoughtless. Education means success in the business world and success not only in life, but in after-life. It prepares us for the business world in that the fundamental principles of the sciences, of mathematics, and of Latin and Greek, prove invaluable to us. For instance, Latin and Greek are indispensable to the teacher, orator, writer, librarian, scribe, office boy in search of a position, and indeed, to the whole of the Latin and Greek-speaking race. Furthermore, if one wishes to study a classical language like English, and delve into its mysteries, such study not only teaches us how to work, but makes it possible for us to appreciate the real pleasure to be experienced in the mastering of a difficult lesson.

Education prepares us not only for business, but also for life, and as I remarked before, for the after-life. If we have treasured all the beautiful threads of learning, we have ever obtained, unknown to ourselves, they take on magic qualities, and weave themselves into an exquisite pattern, the pattern of knowledge. If we have accomplished and perfected the pattern of knowledge, why, then we shall find the rest easy; the foundation has been laid, and all we can do now is to keep on strengthening it and building ever higher.

"But"—and here Socrates looked directly at Croesus who up to now had

been beaming at all this praise of education, "education can not be obtained here where the president is a scheming capitalist, where a lunatic in a tub and flaunting a neighbor's wornout table cloth is awarded the valedictory, while I, with such prodigious brains, am given the second choice."

"Hey, there!" bellowed Croesus to a messenger boy that was passing by, and tweaking him by the ear. "Hey, there! Run to the telegraph station—hurry! Telegraph for Nero, Attila, Mithridates, anyone!"

Socrates' heart sank within him, but he soon knew that salvation was near, in the form of his wife Xantippe. For the only time in his entire career he had cause to thank Jupiter that his wife had a tongue. What a tirade of words she hurled at Croesus. It should have annihilated him on the spot, but seeing that he still remained whole, Xantippe resorted to more material weapons, picking a few golden apples from the tree, she hurled them at him in quick succession. Pandemonium reigned. Croesus gave one terrified look at the enraged lady, uttered a single blood-curdling yell, and—and I awoke to find myself in my own room, near the open window. The figures in the tapestry of the western sky were growing dim, and I know not whether it was imagination or not, but I fancied I could see the outlines of countless golden apples.

HARAS TIRIS.

WHEN TIME DOESN'T FLY.

"Tempus fugit," not in class;
Forty minutes yet, alas!
The hands around the face creep slow
As if we students wished it so.

O, why do not those hands move on?
Only fifteen minutes gone!
And that smart kid is on the floor
Fast translating more and more.

I'll get that hard part, so I will,
Can't some one ward her off until
The bell sends out its warning chime,
And I am saved, at least this time?

Alack! the old bell failed to ring
In time to save that frantic thing;
And down upon the teacher's book
Went zero, with foreboding look.

TENRAG.

Prophecy of the Class of 1911

O, muse, I pray, relate to me
What each one of this class shall be.
Let the three Fates their message tell,
And let us all ring "fancy's bell."

The Muse begins. Hark the notes of the lyre!
For the first on the program is Ethel Algeier.
She sings quite sweetly every note on the staff,
And makes records only for Columbia Phonograph.
Miss Grace Christensen, a chorus girl shall be,
Homer Mertz a doctor of modern chemistry.
Eicks'll get badly stung in campaign for President,
And take to race track sporting to give his emotion vent.
Victor Fitch at last becomes a street car motorman,
And also on the side he is a hearty base ball fan.
Of all the money minters,
And frenzied finance sprinters,
Put your odds on Harry Winters.
He's the best we had in school.
He is paid a healthy salary
At Masonic Temple gallery
To o'er come the rising calorie
And to keep the audience cool.

A snake eharmer is Phyllis in the show of Ringling Brothers;
K. Byrer, be it notieed is eashier at the there are others.)
K. Byrere, be it notieed is eashier at the "Greek,"
The way she brings in eustomers you'd think she was a freak.
Mable Grubb, a elerk shall be for Miss Emanuel,
And drugs galore, for aehe or sore, she fain would to you sell.
The Gillette Safety Razor with Burns as demonstrator,
Brings profits; for he imitates a sure enough orator.
The next man's fate we have in hand is Elmer Bandelier's
He's wet goods man at the Heidelberg and he heeds the eall "Two Beers!"
M. Bieknell, the matron is, of a sehool for girls,

And Charley Worden, easting, before the swine his pearls
Sinee he's a Gospel minister, he bows beneath the yoke,
For a fashionable eongregation at the town of Roanoke.
Margery and Dorothy are partners in a beauty shop,
But of their entire future this is only just a drop.
It is needless here to say,
That Miss Dorothy quits some day,
To engage in aetive ehureh work out Roanoke way.
The gains of a eertain beauty shop keep Kettler still alive,
And as a retired married man, he on them fat does thrive.
The eivil serviee exam sueeessfully passed by Giles,
You'd be surprised the job he got with all his eunning wiles,
Worked himself up until he stands, well not exaetly low,
He's seeond assistant janitor in the Kendallville P. O.
Soon the "Hello" offiee will fall to Miss Doswell,
And Miss Josse, at the Gaiety, will tiekets to you sell.
Let us not forget O. Raymond; Raymond Hartt has made his mark.
He does a toe-danee at the Fairy (do you get us?) He's a shark!
Chairman of the present eouneil is the destiny of Graee Felts,
And with her sharp, rebuking words, right and left she pelts,
Until many a grafting sinner has a eonseienee full of welts.
Lieutenant and a surgeon in the Army of Salvation
Goes Mr. Houek, reformer, resolved to save the nation.
Don O'Rourke, a doetor is —— of divinity,
Imagination stretehed beyond infinity.
The piano at the Lyrie Estella Albro plays,

And with her eharming musie the audience'll daze.
A jolly boarding house,
Where they have fish and grouse,
And not one single mouse
Is kept by smiling Julia Sweer.
And in "Unele Tom's Cabin,"

Where there's lots of murderous stabbin'
And a heap of tall eonflabbin'
Miss Rush is little Eva, so we hear.
Although the elass had many "eomers,"
They never had a thing on Somers,
He's a poetaster—poet and a suffering Suffragette,
Elmer Eggeman has lost his groueh,
And as a eopper is no slouch,
For he's on Ft. Wayne's police force and he's not dead yet.
Miss Gross beeomes a teacher in a prominent S. S.;
The male portion of the audienee will inerease from tben, I guess,
And the city'll go dry in eleven days or less.
A teaeher in M. Bieknell's school is Mistress Anna Cook,
She teaches oratory, unaided by a book.
Look out for Oscar Wehnert, or he'll get your goat,
He's a Sherloek Holmes inearnate. He's a sleuth of wondrous note.
Martha Tolan's night elerk in the Y. W. C. A.;
And she's sueh a business woman, that she makes e'en night work pay.
Miss Wilkie is librarian at Coesse, if you please,
And a red eross nurse with uniform is little Esther Freese.
Elm. Goheen, the infant prodigy has fulfilled all expectation,
Down in Eel River township, he's the board of edueation.
As to Raymond Goheen's fortunes, we shall give you guesses three.
Eh? You give it up?
He's a veterinary surgeon and his hours are 2 to 3. (Try him on your pup)
G. Lakey, well known aetress takes the leading part in Smith.
And poses as a statue of liberty. (No myth.)

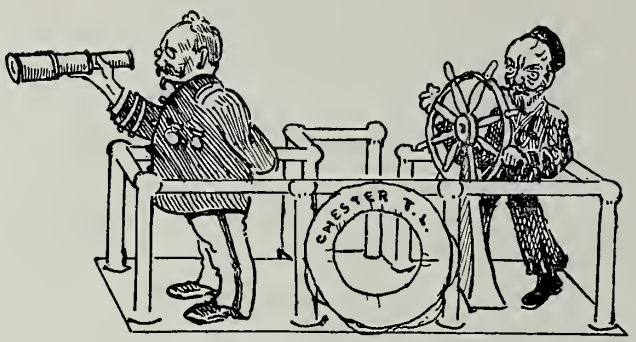
And our friend Howard Wilkens, L.L., L. D.
Is a Gospel missionary down in darkest Africy.
In a pest-house near Monroeville just northeast of the town,
Catehing disease treated by the doetor, Amy Brown.
Helen Clark is surely destined to take Miss Chapin's place,
And though new at the business, she acts with ease and graee.
The next one on prophetic list is the researeher, Miss Sirit,
When she makes a trip to Hades, soon after we all hear it.
Seott has given up athleties, and to work has settled down.
He is a dean of agriculture at the U of Huntertown.

Way down in Payne, Ohio, in a druggist's shop,
Miss Lahmeyer ofttimes presides as its mainstay and prop.
The Commercial Hotel boasts of a maiden most demure,
In the person of Miss Rousseau, aeting as manicure.
"'Scuse me ma'am d'you want Vaniller?" Hark, the voice of Elmer Braun,
He has stooped to jerking soda in a nearby eountry town.
Miss Schust with partner Traey, on a ranch out in the West,
Will raise prize chickens wholesale, their fowls be all the best.
Let's don't forget our one best bet—Miles Hoopingarner.
He's a skipper bold, on a sea of gold,
And something of a "yarner."
To pious Deacon Evergood, Miss Shordon has been wed,
And now she is the seeretary of the "Ladies' Aid."
When it comes to chasing dollars, McCormick's favorite has copped a few,
And while Tommy's still in high school, 'Gene is treasurer of the W. C. T. U.
Little Andy Snodgrass has in good spirits kept,
He works in Berghoff's brewery in the advertising dept.
Since Smith's natural talent got him his job at Rodenbeck's,
He's a wealthy hair goods merchant. He's the man who signs the ehecks.
"Juliet" in Wise's Hamlet is acted by Miss Krimmel,
And the audience all shout, as she walks the stage about, "Ach Himmel!"
Verl Wise we all had hopes for, but whoever had a hunch,
That he'd crowd Dave Warfield off the stage, and rake in money by the bunch.
Of all the obstacle vaulters, our little Burtie Walters,
Is the man to whom we surely must give the baeon and the ham;
He's a eorporation lawyer, and he wears a learned brow,
And ealmly helps the "interests" shear the fleeee off of the lamb.
Miss Jacquay is true to her skill in wit,
And she lacks no ambition of making a hit,
And now in the "funny" editor's ehair doth sit. (Of the Monroeville Breeze.)
Miss Caldwell is a governess in the family of J. Gould,
She loves her task and stieks to it, though many a suitor she's fooled.

Although Rich's fate'll disappoint you —'though he's not made good his name,
As a Maryland luneh hash slinger he surely knows the game.
Then there's little Artie Irmsher. you would never know him now,
He's a grafter-politieian, and he's always in a row.
Now you shall see the fate of Madge Magee,
A busy stenographer in the Randall she'll be.
Edward Schlegel's outeome is beyond all expectations. He's quite much.
As a singer with Bill Sunday he sure moves the eongregations—That are Dutch.

As the wife of a rich man, Miss Jacobs
the coins can toss,
While at Auburn Junction, G. Lenhart
is mayor and political boss.
And Florenz Gumper, a hustling bump-
er, never will despair;
On seven per he won't demur, but
sweeps the streets with care.
Boo, hoo! Hark! The Muses sputter,
hesitate and seem to weep.
To the Muses:
Come, continue now, we pray you, fin-
ish what you have begun,
So that this long tale of torture will be
through ere set of sun.
The Muses swallow their emotion and
continue:
Gulp! W-We are loath to tell of Ash-
ley—Ashley who had won our
hearts.
(We hate to say it really, but we rather
he had died.)
For he runs a drug (?) store in New
Haven (dry) and
Alas! He knows his business from "in-
side."
But we now proceed to Teddy—yes to
Teddy Haberkorn,
Who becomes a famous bandman, play-
ing on his Christmas horn.
"Any rags to-day, any bottles and
bones!"
From everybody come a thousand
groans.
They mutter curses and grab their
purses.
Oh, well they may!—It's the voice of
Jones!

Developed into a man hater
Is our charming Myrtle Graeter.
She is head of the first commission of
woman police;
And she pinches all offenders,
All the secret whiskey venders.
Sure she catches all the sinners slick
as grease.
At length the fate of all is told;
Ceased are the strains of the lyre.
Be content with your lot, whether hot
or cold,
And let not rise your ire.



THE LOG.

Of the good ship "Chester T. L."

Being an offieial record of her voyage of 1910-1911.

May (any date)—All passengers and —hush!—all teachers have condemned the month of May as a time for voyageing on the sea of learning. A report of the ship's surgeon shows it to be an epidemic of spring-fever.

May 5, (Temp. 90 degrees in the shade).—The crew in eabin 18 take a diabolical delight in watehing the engineer—you know, that little? one—mow the lawn.

May 6.—Several of the civies erew unceremoniously doff their coats, to the great eonsternation of Matron Kolb. The boys show their respeet for the teacher by—leaving them off.

May 7.—As a result of orders from the fo'eastle several stewardesses below deeks are seen daily in the main corridor preserving (or pickling) order by the quart. Lots of dignity ean be seen floating around at dismissal.

May 10.—C. McCurdy spends some time on a prominent seat at the front of saloon 18.

May 11.—Hulbert resigns from his position as cabin boy. He was so competent at the job that it is now considered necessary to keep several people employed to do it as well as he did.

May 13.—Several of the huskier members of the crew met the "Bluffton H. S." crew in track meet and—well, we gave them a run for the money anyway.

May 16.—All hands perplexed as to the sourec of the abundanee of lilaes that appear in the ship from day to day. Wehnert ean't find a clue.

May 16.—The ship's physieal direetor, whom we picked up off the German coast on a reeent voyage says: "If you vant to susseed you schouldt avake der neecssary sbirit."

May 22.—All flags half-mast at the diving overboard of Cremone Loehraine. He strikes out for Atlanta, Ga. (Aint it awful, Helen.)

May 23.—A passenger called O'Rourke who deserted in February for Missouri is sighted and taken on in the

HOMER MERTZ
JULIA SWEER
OSCAR WEHNERT
ELSIE JOSSE
MYRTLE GRAETER
RAYMOND HART
CHARLES WORDEN
ELMER GOHEEN
VERL WISE
STEPHEN BURNS
CLARA CROSS
ALTHA COSWELL
EMMA
EUGENE HATTERSLEY
DONALD JONES
PHYLLIS RANDALL
LUCY JACQUAY

GLADYS SCHUST
ETHEL ALLGEIER
KENNETH ASHLEY
ARTHUR IRMSCHER
FLORENZ GUMPPER
KATHERINE BYRER
HELEN WILKIE
GEORGE SOMERS
VERNE SCOTT
MARGARET MAGER
CARNETTE LENHART
MERGEL CILES
MABEL GRUBB
EDWARD EICKS
FOSTER HOUCK

THEO HABERKORN
ESTELLA ALBRO
ELMER BRAUN
IDA RUSH
ESTHER LAHMEYER
ESTHER FREESE
AMY BROWN
RAYMOND COHEEN
BURTON WALTERS
HELEN CLARK
RUTH TRACY
ELMER BANDELIER

MARGUERITE BICKNELL
HELEN CALDWELL
HOWARD WILKENS
DONALD O'ROURKE
ANDREW SNODGRASS
RACHEL SIRIT
ANNA COOK
ALFRED KETTLER
INA SHORDON
CLARENCE RICH
G. LAKEY
ESTHER JACOBS
MARTHA TOLAN
ELMER BECKMANN
HARRIET WINTERS
FORT WAYNE ENG. CO.

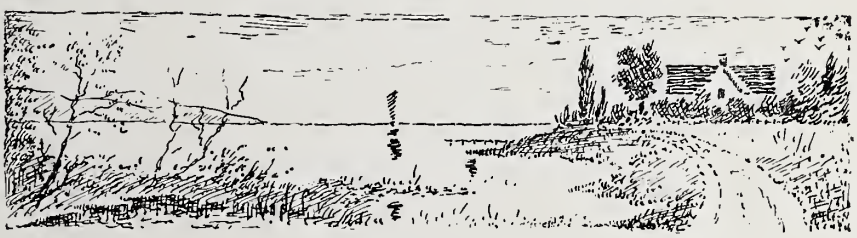
last throes of show-meitis. He recovers quickly upon being shown.

June 10.—The senior passengers and some others are planning a little side trip to an oasis called Rome City. We'll all be glad to see what real water looks like.

June 11.—Great preparations are being made to celebrate the landing of the boat at Port Vacation. The voyage will officially terminate when each Senior is handed his naturalization papers, which will insure his success and tranquility when he sallies forth in the world on his pursuit of happiness. Here's hoping he soon catches up with said happiness before he has gone far. The annual grand ball will be held continously from June 22 to June 23.

P. S.—No fear is felt that any of those passengers who have taken several voyages will have any trouble in smuggling what knowledge they have acquired on this trip through the port of examinations.

THE END.



Track Athletics

For the first time in a number of years, the Ft. W. H. S. was represented by a track team. Although the boys had no preliminary training in the gymnasium and inclement weather permitted very little outdoor practice, the class of work shown in the one meet with Bluffton was excellent. Much credit for the success of the team is due to Captain Scott, who spent considerable time and energy getting his men in shape for the eventful May 13 with Bluffton.

The fact that the Bluffton team of many years training only succeeded in corralling 52 points, while Fort Wayne with her team of inexperienced men took 38 points shows that we have the material for first class teams, and experience and training are all that are required to make neighboring schools sit up and take notice. Fort Wayne was especially strong in the runs, while Bluffton carried off honors in the field. Scott nailed sixteen points for the High school, and Barth came second with nine and one-half points. The dashes were all made in good time, especially the 220 yard dash, in which Scott equaled the state record of 23 seconds. Fort Wayne won all three places in the mile run. Summaries:

100 Yard Dash—Cline, Bluffton, first; Scott, Fort Wayne, second; Kettler, Fort Wayne, third. Time 10 2-5 seconds.

Shot Put—Lounsbury, Bluffton, first; Ware, Bluffton, second; Barth, Fort Wayne, third. Distance 36 feet, 11 inches.

220 Yard Dash—Scott, Fort Wayne, first; Stout, Bluffton, second; Fetters, Bluffton, third. Time 23 seconds.

Discus—Barth, Fort Wayne, first; Ware, Bluffton, second; Lounsbury, Bluffton, third. Distance 79 feet, 6 inches.

Quarter Mile Run—Scott, Fort Wayne, first; Fetters, Bluffton, second; Houck, Fort Wayne, third. Time 56 4-5 seconds.

Pole Vault—Ware, Bluffton, first; Hartman, Bluffton, second; Lounsbury, Bluffton, third. Height 8 feet, 4 inches.

Half Mile Run—Hartman, Bluffton, first; Scott, Fort Wayne, second; Foster, Bluffton, third. Time 2 minutes, 18 4-5 seconds.

High Jump—Ware, Bluffton, first; Stout, Bluffton, second; Barth and Learmouth, Fort Wayne, tied for third. Height 5 feet.

Broad Jump—Marshall, Bluffton, first; Barth, Fort Wayne, second; Kettler, Fort Wayne, third. Distance 17 feet, 8 1-4 inches.

Mile Run—Houck, Fort Wayne, first; Ross, Fort Wayne, second; Ashley, Fort Wayne, third. 5 minutes, 27 3-5 seconds.

"THE MYSTERIOUS DOLLY."

We have a "Dolly Dimples" in our
school,
She was down one night trying to fool
All the people of Fort Wayne,
At the corner of Calhoun and Main.

Her dress was blue, her hat was yellow,
And after her followed many a fellow,
They followed her through thick and
thin
Around the court house, out and in.

She laughed at the crowd that followed
her,
She thought it was great fun.
Now who do you think this Dolly is?
Our dear Miss Harrington.

E. Z. M.

Miss Katherine Vesey entertained the A. O. girls at an "eat" Saturday, May 13.

* * *

Miss Phyllis Randall invited a number of her friends to toast mash-mellows with her on Friday evening, May 12.

* * *

Miss Olga Rice gave a theater party at the Majestic for the members of the Qui Vive Club on Monday evening, May 15.

* * *

A number of girls were invited to spend Saturday, May 20, at the country home of Miss Esther Freese.

* * *

Miss Helen Caldwell went to Bluffton on Friday, May 12, to spend the week end with friends and while there, attended the track meet.

* * *

The annual senior excursion took place June 10. It has always been customary for the school to close on Friday for this event, but this year it was impossible to do so. Rather than give up the excursion, the seniors chose Saturday and were very well satisfied with the attendance.

* * *

Miss Cecil Bradshaw entertained the Qui Vive girls at a "spread" on Saturday evening, May 6.

* * *

Mr. Donald H. O'Rourke has returned home from Kirksville, Mo., where he attended school since February. Don did not lose his love for Indiana during his absence.

* * *

Preparations are being made for the Senior ball, which will be held at the Minuet, at the close of the commencement exercises.

* * *

Miss Enid Johnson, who was compelled to leave school on account of her health, is now at a sanitarium in Indianapolis.

THE CALDRON

Published monthly during school year by the students of the Fort Wayne High and Manual Training School, at Fort Wayne Ind.

Entered as second-class matter February 2, 1910, at the post office at Fort Wayne, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Lucy Jacquay.....
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Charles Worden.....Business Manager
Don Jones.....Asst. Business Manager
Catherine Cook, '12..... } Associate Editors
Mary Evans, '13..... } Associate Editors
Pauline Saylor, '14..... } Associate Editors

For the last time do we, the staff of 1911, publish the Caldron. At last we have arrived at what we like to call "the end", but which other people assure us in only "the beginning." During all the "ups and downs" of "staffship", even when our preceding editor had to leave school on account of ill-health, we have tried to please our readers and our readers assert that we have accomplished our aim.

Our staff feels itself especially fortunate in having illustrators of such talent and we are especially proud of the cuts which have appeared during the year. We also wish to thank those who have contributed their stories and thus helped us make the Caldron interesting and readable. No less are we grateful to the willing readers who have so faithfully bought the paper and thus contributed toward our class expenses; for, what would be a class without a bank account?

During the year, we have received a number of stories which, for one of several reasons, we did not publish. As-

piring authors, do not let this fact discourage you, send in stories next year and you will surely have good luck for there is no lack of talent among our students.

From the appearance of the "Junior Number," we sincerely believe that the coming class will have little trouble in making the Caldron interesting and attractive. Indeed, for a "first number" that issue was very good and deserves great praise. The cuts especially deserve great credit. So, readers, look forward to a live paper next year and don't forget that you owe it to your school to buy every issue of the Caldron.

We wish to thank all our exchanges, large and small, not only for the excellent stories and jokes we have enjoyed in them, but also for the insight and knowledge we have gained about how things are done in other parts of our country. Our exchanges this year have ranged in distance from Oklahoma to Canada, and from coast to coast. We hope that all of you have had as much success with your paper as we have had with ours and thanking you again for your help, we remain,

Sincerely yours,

EXCHANGE EDITORS.

One day when Hi Hollowan brought in a load of watermelons, Clem Keener says to him (funniest fellow, Clem was). "Hi, if you'll eat five of those melons without stopping, I'll pay you double your price." "I'll go you," says H. Well, Hi got away with four of 'em, but couldn't eat no more an' allowed he was beat. As he looked at that last melon, Hi says, (mad's a wet hen). "Durn ye! If I'd know'd you'd be left over, I'd eaten you first."

* * *

Mrs. Blinks—"That man that you hired is certainly a fool. He came to the house this evening and asked where he could find the milkweed to feed the cows with."—Ex.

* * *

Hi. Well, Hi got away with four of 'em,

"I believe I'd rather be beautiful and repent."

"Minnie," said the minister to a little girl in Sunday school, "Which would you rather be, beautiful or good?"

Minnie answered promptly.

"Well, Tommy, caught anything?" said a kindly old gentleman.

"No, I don't believe the silly worm was trying," answered the bright little boy.

* * *

Husband—"What, $25 for that hat. It is a sin."

Wife—"Don't bother. The sin shall be on my head!"

* * *

Visitor (waiting on an invitation to lunch)—"Two o'clock, I fear I'm keeping you from your dinner."

Hostess—"No, but I fear we are keeping you from yours."

* * *

Man With Wooden Leg—"Your charge for cremation is exorbitant."

Porter at Crematory—"Well, we will throw off ten per cent. in your case, on account of a wooden leg."

* * *

"I always agree with my husband."

"Very sweet of you."

"Except, of course, when he is in the wrong."

"Why is it," queried the fair widow, "that they always say a man 'pines' for a woman?"

"I suppose," growled the fussy baehelor, "it's beeause pine is about the softest wood there is."

* * *

"Why Tommy," exclaimed the Sunday sehool teacher, don't you say your prayers every night before you go to bed?"

"Not any more," replied Tommy, "I uster when I slept in a folding bed though."

* * *

"Immortal poetry is only written in a garret."

"So I've always heard," said the young poetess. "So I fixed up a lovely Turkish den in ours."

* * *

"Mrs. Caswell, while you were in Veniee, did you see the Bridge of Sighs?"

"Oh, yes; I saw what they ealled that. But, my land, I've seen bridges ten times its size without ever going out of Pennsylvania."

* * *

"John," asked Mrs. Dorkins, "What is a politieal con game?"

"Why, it's—it's a frame-up, you know."

"Yes, but what is a frame-up?"

"A-er-piece of bunk, of course; ean't you—"

"What is a piece of bunk?"

"Oh, shueks!" exelaimed Mr. Dorkins.

"What's the use trying to tell a woman anything about polities!"

* * *

"I can't see 'ow these 'ere Christian Scientists cure people by laying on hands."

"Well, that's 'ow I eured my little boy of telling lies!"

Younghubby (as he gulped down his first bite of paneake)—"Wow! What awful syrup! What is it?

Youngwifey (tearfully)—Oh, dear, I hoped you wouldn't notice it; but the groeer was out of table syrup and I got a bottle of cough syrup instead.

* * *

"You would suppose that Charles I would like my protectorship," mused Cromwell, "and yet he lost his head over it."

* * *

"Can you beat this bottle for a wonder? It keeps hot for 48 hours."

"Oh, that's nothing—my wife ean keep things hot a blame sight longer than that."

* * *

Mildred—"Ada says she is studying for the ministry."

Millieent—"What?"

Mildred—"Yes, she is going to marry the minister in June."

* * *

"Have you seen my series of articles on, 'Why People Do Not Come to Church,' Mr. Sliderback?"

"Sure, dominie; I read them all. They give me lots of new reasons for not coming."

* * *

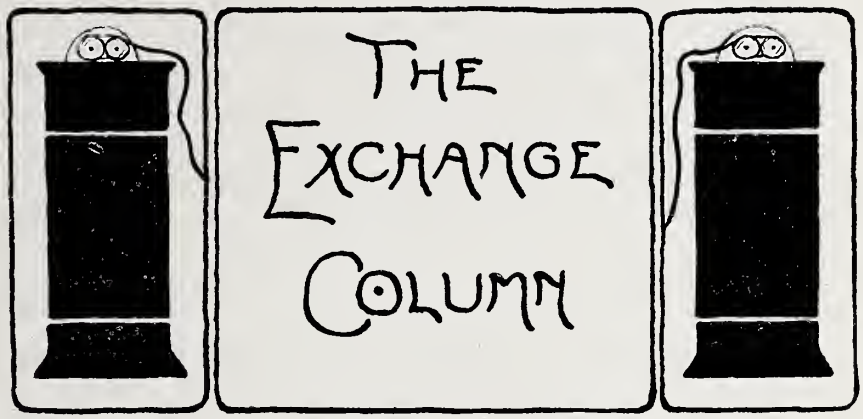
Smith—"I want to sue Jones for damages for being run down by his automobile, but I'm afraid he has no money."

Lawyer—"Oh, that's all right. I ean use his car."

* * *

He (instructing her in the mysteries of golf)—"Now you know what a "tee" is. Now, then, the duties of a eaddie—"

She—"Oh! the eaddy's what you put the tea in. I know what a tea eaddy is."



Lady Customer (in furniture shop)—"What has become of those lovely sideboards you had when I was last here?"

Salesman (smilingly)—"I shaved them off, madame."—Ex.

* * *

An English woman called on an American countess in Belgravia.

"Oh, I thought you were out—that's why I called," the English woman said in her sweet, clear, insolent English voice.

"Well do you know I thought I was out, too!" the American replied, "My stupid man must have taken you for some one else."—Ex.

Hostess—"Oh, professor, haven't you forgotten your wife?"

Prof.—"There—I knew I had forgotten something!"—Ex.

* * *

"I believe I'd rather be beautiful and repent."—Ex.

* * *

Teacher—"I wonder what your mother would say if she knew how backward you are in geography?"

Girl—"Oh, my mother said she never learnt jogfry and she's married, and Aunt Sally says she never learnt jogfry and she's married; and you did and you ain't."—Ex.

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become
men and women
Remember the Ætna

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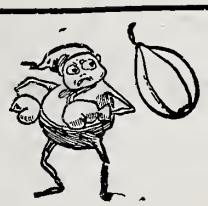
"Do you find the cost of living any higher than it was, say, five years ago?"

"Yes, sir, two of my daughters have got married since."

Madge—"I see some ministers demand that the women remove their hats in church."

Marjorie—"The idea! What do they think we go there for, anyhow?"



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"Doctor, she done swallered a bottle of ink."

"Have you done anything for her?"

"I done give her three pieces of blotting paper," said the colored woman doubtfully.

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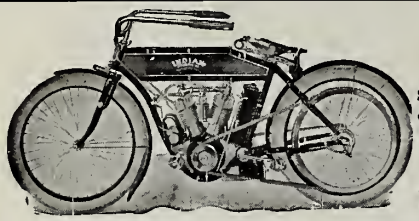

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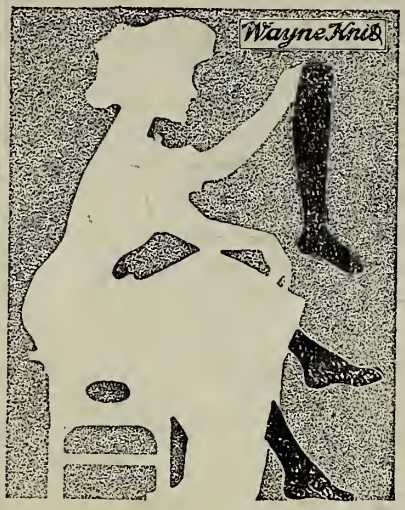

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